



Thus days from nights, my charged heart
doth not know; Nor nights, from days ! All
hours, to sorrows go !
Then punish Fancy! cause of thy disease !

ELEGY VII.



YOUTH, full of error! whither dost thou
hail me ? Down to the dungeon of
mine own conceit ! Let me, before,
take some divine receipt; For well I know,
my Gaoler will not bail me!
Then, if thou favour not, all helps will fail me!
That fearful dungeon* poisoned with Despair,
Affords no casement to receive sweet air;
There, ugly visions ever wilt appall me,
Vain Youth misguideth soon, with Love's
deceit!
Deeming false painted looks most firmly
fair. Now to remorseless judges must I sue
For gracious pardon ; whiles they do repeat
Your bold presumption! threatening me, with
you !
Yet am I innocent, though none bewail me!
Ah, pardon ! pardon! Childish Youth did view
Those two forbidden apples, which they wished
for !
And children long for that, which once they
rue.
Suffice, he found Repentance! which he
fished for,
With great expense of baits and golden
hooks.
Those living apples do the suit pursue!
And are you Judges ? See their angry
looks !

